

## Two Englishmen

LORD RENDEL AS MR. GLADSTONE'S FRIEND—MR. ALFRED AUSTIN AS POET LAUREATE AND O. THERWISE.

(Copyright, 1913, by George W. Smalley.)

London, June 9. Lord Rendel's death brings back to me vividly one of the most interesting hours I ever spent anywhere with anybody. It was in Cannes, during the winter of 1898, after Mr. Gladstone's death in May of that year at Hawarden. The two had long been friends. Mr. Gladstone had no friend more devoted than the Stuart Rendel who was a partner in the great engineering firm of Sir W. Armstrong & Co., and M. P. for Montgomeryshire from 1890 to 1894, when Mr. Gladstone made him a peer.

Lord Rendel owned, among other places, the famous Chateau de Thorenc, in Cannes, formerly belonging to the Duke of Montrose. He had Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone there as guests during that winter of 1897 when Mr. Gladstone's illness had become acute. The three had gone abroad together, as often before, and people who did not like Mr. Gladstone used to insist that Lord Rendel paid his travelling expenses.

"If ever you have a chance," said Lord Rendel to me, "I wish you would find that story. On all such matters Mr. Gladstone was most strict. He exacted from me a statement of the amounts I had paid, and he repaid to the uttermost farthing everything that had been spent for him on every journey we took together."

He asked me to lunch with him one day at the Chateau de Thorenc, saying, "I think you might like to see the rooms the Gladstones occupied that winter." He showed me first of all the grounds, seventeen acres of them, which for Cannes is a great deal; larger, I believe, than any other of the Cannes villas; and a fine example of landscape gardening. The beauty of it depends on a system of irrigation; with I forget how many miles of canals; and with walks and points of view upon the Mediterranean and the stretches of that lovely long shore line of Cannes; flowers and trees and shrubbery and terraces—all were marvellous. On the terrace in front of the house:

"This," said Lord Rendel, "is where Mr. Gladstone used to walk. His rooms were just above. This is the finest view of all, the view he loved best; the widest of them all. He thought it finer from the terrace itself than from the windows above, and he was always happier when he could walk. These stone flags were laid down for him. He was so shaken by his illness that the gravel walk hurt his feet. Not many years before he had walked from Oxford to London, as he had many times when younger; and in the same time."

Their rooms were on the first floor; which in America we call the second. They were spacious enough, pleasantly furnished, three rooms or four altogether. I asked Lord Rendel if he had kept any memorial or souvenir of their stay. He said:

"The rooms themselves are the memorial. They have never been occupied since. The furniture is the same, the arrangement the same."

Then, with a pause:

"That is the sofa on which latterly he lay; and where we hoped he would die."

It was a startling sentence enough, but Lord Rendel went on:

"You must know that during all the last months the pain was intolerable and incessant. There was no relief. He had little or no sleep except from drugs. He bore it with courage, but after a time it shook even his nerve. His last words on his deathbed at Hawarden were true all through the winter: 'Only waiting.' He looked to death as his last friend."

Mr. Gladstone had many enemies. To the last and to this day multitudes thought him an enemy of England. But even to his enemies there must be something pathetic in the thought of the lonely old man on the Mediterranean shore, always in torment, and the next world his only hope of relief.

Lord Rendel was one of a group of men whose devotion to Mr. Gladstone differed not much from idolatry. Mr. George Glyn, afterward Lord Wolverton; Sir Algernon West, who has been recorded in print his conviction, if it can be called a conviction, that Mr. Gladstone was the greatest man who ever lived, may serve as samples. I mentioned Mr. Bright the other day, but his friendship was of another sort; and nobody would use the word idolatry in connection with Mr. Bright. Perhaps I ought not to use it in connection with Lord Rendel, for he also was a man of real force and independence of character. It is enough to say that his regard for Mr. Gladstone was an affectionate regard.

Mr. Gladstone repaid these devotions with a measured sincerity, but with a willingness to accept what was offered him; which perhaps was all that his friends expected. At the same time it requires a little effort to recognize in this self-surrendering friend the very able, cool-headed man of business, who, I believe, the chief financial partner in Armstrong & Co.; and a leading factor in the prosperity of the Elswick Works. You might easily mistake his quiet manner for indifference, but that is not what a quiet manner means in this country. The still waters ran deep. The energies of his mind spent themselves in thought rather than in talk, and when he expressed an opinion it was a considered opinion; behind which was an intellectual strength of a high order.

A poet Laureate who wrote never a line of poetry; such was Alfred Austin, who ceases by death at seventy-eight to be a poet even in name. He was not the first Laureate of whom the same thing must be said. With few exceptions it has been an inglorious line, and it is no kindness to such versifiers as Pyle and Tate, or even Southey, to perpetuate their memory under that title. Nor yet Austin's.

Yet not his ghost. O, let him pass. He has been him. That would upon the rack of this tough world stretch him out longer.

There are other ways of accounting for Austin, some of them pleasant; for Austin, some of them pleasant; for Austin, some of them pleasant; for Austin, some of them pleasant.

member about him is that he had a happy life. Circumstances were friendly to him. The son of a Leeds merchant, he inherited, or came into later, a competent fortune. He loved literature and Italy and the English country, and could and did gratify all these tastes. Bred to the bar, he turned away from it to pursue more congenial. He wrote satires, lyrics, novels, blank verse dramas, mystery plays, "The Garden That I Love," and leaders for "The Standard." He lived during most of his life in Swinford Old Manor, near Ashford, in the county of Kent, justly known as the Garden of England; and the Garden he loved was his own Garden of Swinford Old Manor. He cared for friends and he had many. Lady St. Heller was one of them, and he used to stay with her when he came to London.

Our Mr. Astor—he once was ours, Mr. William Waldorf Astor—was another. The last time I met Austin was at Haver Castle; one of a large week-end party, which filled the castle and the Tudor village thereunto appertaining. If you did not know otherwise, you might have thought Haver belonged to Austin and not to Mr. Astor. He had, there and elsewhere, a proprietary manner. He seemed to expect a kind of homage which it is not usual to pay even to men whose claims to homage are much greater than his. People who met him for the first time were puzzled and perhaps sometimes resentful. But his friends accepted it all with an amused tolerance. To them and to others he could be extremely agreeable, for he had culture and cleverness and large sympathies underlying these airs and graces. With all these friends, and with literature and a charming home and sufficient means, what more could a man want for happiness?

But Austin had one thing more which to him was the most essential: complete self-confidence and unflinching faith in himself and in all his works. To most men it would be a purgatory to devote their lives to the writing of poems which nobody else thought poems; which the critics derided; which the public neglected. But in Austin's belief in himself there was something heroic. He knew—he could not help knowing—that the world laughed at him. I suppose he would have liked better to be admired, but from the mockery of his own age he found a refuge with posterity. This expectation was the more sure because he was convinced that the opinion of this generation and the last about the poetry of its own time was all wrong. He thought neither Tennyson nor Browning a poet. He held both up to contempt, and partly because people declined to content themselves with the more positive that they were wrong about himself.

He was not less content with himself in other matters. Two years ago he published his Autobiography, which he began by asking: "What is egotism?" and the rest of the two volumes were devoted to answering this question. A single quotation will be enough. In his capacity as leader-writer for "The Standard" he was much in communication with the late Lord Salisbury. He tells us that on important questions they used generally to agree. "From which," remarks Austin, "it appears evident that our minds are cast in the same mould." He sometimes offended people by his air of superiority. He could not conceal or disguise his belief that he really was a superior person; and the aggressiveness and even arrogance of his bearing were disliked by people who, could not, or would not, take a humorous view of it; and of him, in stature as expressed in the ordinary height measurements, he could not have exceeded five feet by more than an inch or two. But from that altitude he contrived to look down on those who were head and shoulders above him.

When Tennyson died, in 1892, Mr. Gladstone being then Prime Minister, the Laureateship was left vacant and remained vacant for four years. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Lord Rosebery could make up his mind that the post ought to be filled, or that there was any suitable candidate since Mr. Swinburne had made himself impossible. Nor could Lord Salisbury till he had let a year pass; then he tossed it rather carelessly to Austin; as if, after all, it did not much matter. But it mattered to Austin. He took it as an instalment of the debt posterity was to pay him, and he set himself to vindicate his title; allowing no occasion for verse to pass; and producing verse more laborious than ever. Unhappily, a conscientious desire to produce good verse is not a guarantee of producing good verse. But he had the satisfaction of writing now and then something which pleased the good Queen Victoria, whose view, if not critical, was charitable. Austin himself, however, thought "The Human Tragedy," published in 1892, his finest piece of work. More than that, he thought, and said, that it was to be regarded as one of the three greatest works of the last half century. He named two which he thought worthy to be compared with it. One of them was Mrs. Wharton's "Valley of Decision."

Whether there shall be a new Poet Laureate, and who he shall be, are two questions the newspapers, or some of them, are discussing with an interest which the public hardly shares. The 57 Minor Poets whose merits Mr. Traill, a most competent critic, sought to appraise many years ago—they and those who have since been added to their ranks—are interested, if living. But as the two who are not minor poets, Swinburne and Kipling, are supposed not to be candidates, or not to have a chance, there remains no one whose superiority to the rest is admitted.

G. W. S.

From The Hartford Courant.

## GAY WEEK AT NEWPORT AND IN THE BERKSHIRES

Mrs. Marsden J. Perry Entertains Guests at Climbake Club in African Jungle.

MRS. FISH DANCE HOSTESS

Opens Her New Ballroom at Crossways—Bristeds Give Most Brilliant Ball of Lenox Season.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.] Newport, July 5.—Mrs. Marsden J. Perry reserved the Climbake Club to-night for a large party of guests at a dinner and dance. The dinner for thirty guests was served on a table 20 feet long and 10 feet wide, in the centre of which was an African scene. A small pond in which live fish were swimming was surrounded with a jungle effect, and among the trees and bushes were miniature elephants, tigers, lions, monkeys and other animals.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish gave a dance at Crossways this afternoon to open her new ballroom. This was the second afternoon dance of the season, and it looks as if this form of entertaining is to be popular. Mrs. Fish was assisted in receiving by her guest, Miss Janet Fish. Other dinner entertainers to-night included Mrs. T. Sufferer Taylor, Mrs. Arthur Curtis James, William Earl Dodge, Laspard Stewart, Mrs. Philip A. Clark and Mrs. J. R. Morrison, who entertained at the Naval Training Station in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Q. Barous, of Albany.

Miss Louise Ward McAllister, Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas and Mrs. Bakhmeteff were among the luncheon entertainers today.

Servants have arrived to prepare Beauclieu for the home coming of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Lieutenant Baron von Lerscher has arrived from Washington and joined the German Embassy staff.

Registered at the Casino today were C. E. Van Stork, U. S. N.; Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador; Charles N. Welch, Carl E. von Keshman, Paulding Fiedick, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Van Beuren, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Irving, Mrs. Edward Tinker, Dr. John Ridlon, William Boulton Dixon and F. Eugene Newbold.

Mr. and Mrs. Paulding Fiedick have decided to take a cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Beuren, who recently returned from abroad, have a house party at Sunnyside Farm.

Mrs. Herbert Shipman, of New York, has rented the Gibeit Cottage in Bellevue avenue.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Clyde, of Philadelphia, is planning to take a cottage here this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Pinchot, of New York, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norman de R. Whittemore, are considering taking a house for the rest of the season.

Mrs. Emilie Brugiere is planning a series of elaborate dinner parties at her summer home.

Lenox, July 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed gave a ball to-night at Lakeside, which was the most brilliant affair in the Berkshires this season. Mr. and Mrs. Bristed invited all of the Lenox and Stockbridge cottagers.

Miss Charlotte Barnes gave a garden party at Coldbrook last night. Miss Barnes received, assisted by Miss Winifred Ives and J. Sanford Barnes. There were about one hundred guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Sturgis will leave for Newport on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Farnsworth are entertaining Philip Curtis at Eastover.

Major General and Mrs. John R. Brooke, who have been at Gettysburg, have returned to Pittsfield.

Mrs. James R. Walker, Mrs. Daniel Chester French and Miss Eleanor Hanes were at the tea tables at the Stockbridge Golf Club this afternoon. In the lawn tennis finals for the De Gersdorf cups, Miss Grace Bristed and William Rand defeated Miss Alma De Gersdorf and James Walker, 6-3, 6-5.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Turnure gave a luncheon this afternoon for all of the young people of the cottages and their guests, having about seventy at their tables, which were in the gardens at Beauclieu.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, who have been at the Curtis Hotel, will leave tomorrow for Block Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Frothingham and Mr. and Mrs. David T. Dana gave dinners to-night, after which they went with their guests to the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hutton are entertaining Mrs. F. L. G. Copeland, of New York, and Miss Irene Pemberton, of Emporia, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tiffany, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Page, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stout, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Falconer, of New York, are at the Red Lion Inn.

Van Ness Philip is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Girard Foster at Bellefontaine.

Francis E. Leupp will speak at a meeting of the Wednesday Morning Club in Pittsfield next week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Baty Blake, who are now at Cape Cod, will return to Lenox the middle of July.

The Rev. and Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, who have been in town since the death of Mr. Stokes's father, have returned to Brook Farm, on Lake Massachusett.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Morey, Miss Charles F. Morey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fall, Miss Fall, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Webster and Mr. and Mrs. L. C. French, of New York, are at Heaton Hall, Stockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Crompton, Daniel I. Tomlinson and Stanley G. Gifford, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Todd and Theodore W. Todd, of Hartford, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Brewer, of Glen Ridge, N. J., are at the Maplewood, Pittsfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Greer, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Polk and Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Mackabee, of East Orange; Mrs. J. R. Beam, William B. Beam and John C. Beam, of Paterson, N. J., have arrived at the Curtis Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Outerbridge are at the Stokes villa.

Many of the cottagers are preparing to spend the summer months at the seashore, and will leave here the coming week. Mrs. John W. Minton will go to Bar Harbor; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer, to Beverly, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Beard, to Southampton, Mass.; Mrs. A. M. Beard, to Weymouth, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Amory Carhart will go abroad; Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth Wickes will go to Newport and Mr. and Mrs. F. Kingsbury Curtis will spend the summer at Watch Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Alexander are in the Edgar cottage for the summer.

Among the arrivals to-day were J. F. D.

Mrs. William B. Bristow, who had a cottage at Newport last summer, has left.

Club to Open Tea Room

Innovation Planned for Southampton's Summer Season.

## PRINCIPALS IN INTERNATIONAL WEDDING.

Mrs. Barry Sullivan, of Denver, who was wedded yesterday by Albrecht von Schroeder, a prominent German.



MRS. BARRY SULLIVAN WED  
Becomes Bride of Albrecht von Schroeder, of Boston.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.] Petoskey, Mich., July 5.—In a quiet ceremony, attended only by immediate relatives, Mrs. Barry Sullivan, of Denver, became the bride of Albrecht von Schroeder, of Boston, at 4 o'clock this afternoon at the summer home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Morey, at Harbor Point. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Eastman, who occupied a cottage on the point. Very little decoration had been made, and the bride and bridegroom had no attendants.

Mr. von Schroeder is agent at Boston for the Hamburg-American steamship line, and after a wedding tour through Germany, he and his bride will live in Boston.

The Baroness Soden, of Berlin, came to Harbor Point from her home especially to attend the wedding. The romance which led to the marriage began a year ago, when Mr. von Schroeder and Mrs. Sullivan met on a trip to Panama.

They had taken a cottage here for the months of July and August.

Mrs. Howard Brokaw arrived at the Grape Vine yesterday for the season.

Dr. and Mrs. Hollbrook Curtis are again passing the summer here, after an absence of several seasons.

Mrs. James A. Herne is at Herne Oaks, where her two daughters will shortly join her.

Charles B. MacDonald has just opened his new home, situated near the National Golf Club.

Mrs. Sydney Breese is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. A. L. Morton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sanford are stopping for a few weeks with Mrs. Sanford's mother, Mrs. Newbold Edgar, at their South Main street home.

Baron Alfred von der Rap has arrived and is occupying Mrs. Nelson's Ingleside, on the dunes.

A. B. Boardman, of the firm of Boardman, Platt & Tracy, spent the week end at the Villa Milla Fiori.

The art village colony is well represented this year, every cottage being occupied.

Mrs. A. B. Clifton has entertained at bridge for several Saturdays at her home on the hills.

H. H. Rogers and family arrived on Thursday. They are occupying S. H. P. Fell's house.

T. Morris Carnegie rented his cottage for the season, but decided to come to Southampton, and has taken James L. Breese's West cottage.

Mrs. Dudley Olcott has arrived at Sandymount for the season.

NOTES FROM TUXEDO PARK.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.] Tuxedo Park, July 5.—An attractive programme was arranged by the entertainment committee at Tuxedo for the week end. There were house parties at almost every cottage, a golf tournament for a special cup and matinee races, followed by a dinner dance at the clubhouse attended by nearly all of the colonists and their guests.

Mrs. Henry S. Redmond entertained a party of twenty-four at dinner at the club. Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Mason had a party of eighteen before the dance.

Other large parties were given by Mrs. Jefferson Coddington, Chase Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. David Wagstaff, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Barby and Mr. and Mrs. William Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Tilford and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Benkard.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Mortimer have returned to their Tuxedo villa for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Outerbridge are at the Stokes villa.

Many of the cottagers are preparing to spend the summer months at the seashore, and will leave here the coming week. Mrs. John W. Minton will go to Bar Harbor; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer, to Beverly, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Beard, to Southampton, Mass.; Mrs. A. M. Beard, to Weymouth, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Amory Carhart will go abroad; Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth Wickes will go to Newport and Mr. and Mrs. F. Kingsbury Curtis will spend the summer at Watch Hill.

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## ARMSTRONGS IN CANADA

Ordnance and Warship Plants Started on the St. Lawrence.

(Copyright, 1913, by the Brentwood Company.) Colonel Sir Percy Girouard's recent visit to Canada seems destined to pave the way for the Dominion becoming a great centre of the construction of men-of-war both for the British Empire and for foreign powers.

Sir Percy, who about a couple of years ago resigned the lucrative and important governorship of British East Africa, and his commission in the army as colonel of the Royal Engineers, to become a partner and active director of the great shipbuilding firm of Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., of Elswick, came over here at about Easter, presumably to visit his relatives in Canada, where he was born. He, however, turned his stay to good account. For he has secured for the Armstrongs concern a tract of 250 acres on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, near St. Lambert. Works are to be erected immediately, the necessary plant brought from England, and it is anticipated that by this time next year the plant will be in operation. By the second year it is anticipated that there will be employment for at least four thousand.

Other English shipbuilding interests have been led by the Armstrongs' example to like moves toward establishing branch works on the St. Lawrence. The idea being that Canada will in future build her own steamships and also all the warships of which the Dominion may stand in need.

It is astonishing that this piece of enterprise of the Armstrongs should not have excited a greater amount of attention in the United States. The Armstrongs are, next to the Krupps, at Essen, perhaps the greatest ordnance and warship construction concern in the world, and on the St. Lawrence they will have many advantages and facilities which they do not enjoy at Elswick. It is to Sir Percy Girouard's initiative that this move of the Armstrongs is due, and it is he who will be the moving spirit of the works at St. Lambert.

Has Had Brilliant Career.

Sir Percy has had an extraordinarily brilliant career. Born on this side of the Atlantic, as a son of Justice Desre Girouard, of the Supreme Court of Ontario, and a lineal descendant of Antoine Girouard, secretary to that Comte de Roumeay who was Governor of French Canada in 1790, he received his military education at the Royal Military Academy at Kingston. He was for a time employed on the engineering staff of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, where he obtained a practical knowledge of railroad engineering, which proved of value to him when he joined the British army, that being the one branch of all others of which the corps of Royal Engineers to which he was attached was deficient.

In turn traffic manager of the railroad belonging to the immense royal arsenal at Woolwich, organizer and constructor of the thousand miles of railroad on the Nile by means of which Lord Kitchener was able to reach Khartoum and reconquer the Sudan, president of the Egyptian state railroads and telegraphs, in charge of all the railroad transportation and construction in South Africa during the Boer War, he quickly won his way from a Lieutenant to a colonelcy in the army and to a knighthood with the star and cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

While in Africa he fell in love with the daughter of Sir Richard Solomon, the wealthy legal adviser of the Transvaal administration, and married her. After that he was Governor and commander in chief of the vast African empire known as British Nigeria, where he developed the resources of that dependency by the construction of railroads, and after that was Governor and commander in chief of British East Africa until he resigned, on the invitation of the Armstrongs, to become a partner and managing director of their concern.

Lord Douglas's Windfall.

Lord Alfred Douglas has become reconciled to his wife, and she, as well as their eleven-year-old boy, Raymond, are once more living with him. He has also become reconciled to her father, Colonel Frederick H. Custance, of four Grenadier Guards, who only last winter had him bound over to keep the peace and also arrested and convicted on a charge of criminal libel, Lord Alfred escaping with a suspended sentence. It is a pity that this reconciliation could not have been effected before so much dirty family linen was launched in public.

The news of the reconciliation proceeded known through the bankruptcy proceedings which show him to have liabilities of \$15,000, in connection with the failure of his London literary weekly paper, "The Academy," which he purchased in 1907 from Lord Glenconner, the brother of Mrs. Asquith. The costs of all his recent legal proceedings have been defrayed by his father-in-law and by his mother.

At the time when he was first gazzeted an insolvent last winter, he believed that he had no assets. But the suit for libel which he brought against Arthur Ransome, the author of Oscar Wilde's latest biography, and which he lost, served to reveal to him the unsuspected existence of certain unpublished Wilde manuscripts, written during his imprisonment in Reading Jail. These manuscripts were in the form of long letters addressed by Oscar Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas and which the latter had never received. The literary executors of Oscar Wilde, finding these letters among the dead man's papers, had taken it on themselves to confide them to the British Museum Library, where they have been ever since.

The highest legal authorities are, however, of the opinion that being in the form of letters addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas, the manuscripts in question are his property and that the British Museum must, therefore, surrender them to him. The value of these manuscripts has already been estimated by experts at \$25,000.

In fact, I understand that Lord Alfred has already received an offer to this amount for the letters. He will, therefore, be able to pay off his creditors in full and will have a few thousand dollars to the good.

Moreover, Lady Alfred Douglas has an annuity of \$5,000 a year, and this is to continue to her husband in the event of her death before passing to their children. Besides this, he himself receives a voluntary allowance of \$2,300 a year from his mother. So that he is not very badly off, and is in a position to keep the wolf from the door.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOT.

HISTORIC CHURCH BURNED.

Montreal, July 5.—The historic Roman Catholic Church of St. Charles, in Centre street, was burned to the ground this afternoon. The church was one of the oldest in the city and contained several valuable paintings. The loss is about \$500,000, partly covered by insurance.

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